The Bystander

Legal Proof Is Not Everything.
Died True to Her Ideals.
Quarantine Island Plebiscite.
Such Politeness.

I have been reading what Stewart Edward White has to say about the Pinchot-Ballinger case, and there are some things in his most recent article in the American Magazine which Honolulans might very well cut out and paste in their hats for the coming elections. Here is what he says:

"Is it not about time that we raised our standards of public service to a higher plane? That we began to demand the right to judge men in office by other measures than those of legality and labored explanations? That we be allowed the privilege of legitimate surmise, the permissible deductions-from-circumstances that we should most certainly use in selecting a servant or a business associate? At present we are to believe that if nothing illegal can be proved against a public servant, he is therefore competent to hold office, and we are thereby estopped from criticism. The result is an endless and confusing bickering over technical legal points that leaves our minds uncertain. Why not sweep all this aside? Why not concede the point? Why not for once get to the solid basis of common sense, a privilege generally denied us in matters having to do with the law? Why not simply take over the right to say of a man: You may be absolutely within the law; you may be absolutely honest in intention. That is not the question. Do you think right? If you do not, you are not for us. * * * *

"Now the public's blind instincts in such matters are likely to be correct. * * * *

"But when the public has attempted to go below the instinctive feeling of these broader ethics, it has found itself involved in complicated detail of asseveration and denial and explanation. Excuses are the easiest thing in the world to make convincing. If for a moment that statement does not carry conviction, reflect on your experience with the incompetent chauffeur, factory man, house servant, the recalcitrant office boy. You can not refute or deny; you simply fire him! Those interested have gone over the records line by line. Line by line they have explained. The puzzled, unsatisfactory verdict at the end is that nothing illegal has been done.

"Very well, let us boldly admit that. The insistence on the importance of the point has misled us into thinking it means something. What of it?

"That is beside the question. The burden of proof is not on us, the people. We do not have to prove a man a criminal in order to make up our minds that he is unfit for office. He must prove his fitness to us; and it is his business to answer legitimate surmise based on irrefutable facts. As to what legitimate surmise may be, that is a matter for the great and solid common sense of the people. * * * *

"And so I think that somehow we all keep coming back to the question—Do we always have to prove our public men guilty? Are we not justified in drawing sober though not legal conclusions from a string of coincidences, at least as to judgment and discretion? Are we to be denied ordinary reasoning from cause to effect because some legalist hits us in the face with a 'not proven'?"

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In a corner of The Advertiser the other morning appeared a two-line notice of the death of Christina Pakaikai, a notice which could have been amplified into a column of historical reminiscences of the old monarchy periods. Christina Pakaikai has been an interesting character for years, and spent a large amount of her time at the Catholic Mission. Old and bent with years, for she was born in 1829, the old lady attracted attention, particularly on account of a cane she carried. This was in the form of a cross, and to her it was as real almost as the cross upon the altar. By many Hawaiians she was known as the head of a little society, which existed largely in the enthusiasm of the little woman. In her young days, Christina was just on the fringe of the royal court, and she saw much in the days when Keaukeōuli, Kamehameha III., was a youth. She had a fund of reminiscences of those days, which to her marked the zenith of the glory of the Hawaiian kingdom.

When just emerging from her teens, she became a teacher of Hawaiians. She taught them in the Hawaiian language only, and her school was conducted through all the changes in kings and queens down to that eventful day when the monarchy was overthrown. When asked to subscribe to the oath of the new government, which was minus king or queen, with scepter, crown and all royal symbols eliminated, she ceased of her own choice to be a teacher, and even when it was explained to her that it was only to secure her a pension that her declining years might be made more comfortable that she was asked to swear allegiance to the new government, she declined.

She was held in high esteem by the Roman Catholic church officials, and upon her death last week the Bishop ordered a high requiem mass to be said over her remains, adding that he personally would sing it, an unusual pontifical honor.

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Being a great admirer of the principle of home rule and desirous of performing a great public service, The Bystander went over to Quarantine Island yesterday and took a plebiscite on the following question: "What is the matter with you?" The result of the vote is interesting, and a careful study of the returns by the officials may give them a clue as to how to govern themselves when the Korea arrives tomorrow. The vote stood as follows:

We were deceived in Manchuria—327.
Perelstrous shipped us while Atkinson was asleep—108.
Hookworm—54.
We have read the promotion committee literature—464.
We hear that Hawaii is going dry—1989.
Fear of Royal D. Mead—1.
Following advice of Lightfoot—23.
Aloha for the loaves of Palama Rath and the fishes of the harbor—78.
Desire to enter the ladies of the party in the Bulletin contest—2.
Jack told us not to wander—176.
Nothing is the matter. What's the matter with Hawaii?—564.
We intend to go to work as soon as it snows—Unanimous.

From conversations during the voting I learn that the Russians are willing to accept jobs where they will have the hours of Jamie Wilder, the importance of Royal D. Mead, the salary of J. P. Cooke, the dignity of a supervisor, the duties of Mayor Fern, and quarters similar to those of W. G. Irwin. They say they do not care how far away their work may take them so long as it is within walking distance of the corner of King and Fort.

* * * * * *

I have had something to say about the supervisors before, but I feel that I have not yet done them full justice. I have not mentioned all their excellent attributes, painted them in the glowing colors which only can depict them in their natural rainbow hues. I have in particular forgotten or neglected to mention one quality of the supervisors which stands out like a nigger in a snowstorm.

The supervisors, let me hasten to say, are probably the most punctiliously polite aggregation of individuals in Honolulu. There is, in fact, only one man who is in their class when it comes to politeness. Superintendent Marston Campbell may, perhaps, be able to equal the Chesterfieldian politeness of a Honolulu supervisor, but he is the only one.

It is fitting that Marston Campbell and the supervisors should be mentioned together when one is on the subject of politeness, for there has recently been a contest between him and the city and county fathers as to who could exhibit the most exquisite sense of punctiliousness in dealing with the other. And it should be stated at once that honors are even. Alphonse is fully as polite as Gaston; Gaston's politeness is not surpassed by that of Alphonse.

Both Marston Campbell and the supervisors are extremely eager to begin a campaign of sidewalk laying. They realize that Honolulu has the worst sidewalks of any city of its size in the United States; they know perfectly that a self-respecting cow would be ashamed to be caught walking down the side of one of Honolulu's streets on a dark night; it is recognized by them that an Arkansas country village could give Honolulu a handicap and beat her out on sidewalks; they know that on account of the dangerous condition of the trails that have to do for sidewalks, the city and county is constantly in danger of being confronted with big damage suits for broken legs and twisted necks. They are all simply dying to begin a campaign that shall provide Honolulu with fine, safe and beautiful sidewalks—and they can not make a move. Politeness forbids. Their hands are tied, their feet bound up in the meshes of the net of politeness.

Marston Campbell recognizes that, should he attempt to make use of the power the law vests in him to make the property owners lay sidewalks in front of their city premises, it would be taken by the supervisors as a breach of the code of politeness of which they are such ardent exponents. The supervisors realize fully that, were they to make use of the authority given them by the Municipal Act to start a sidewalk campaign, Superintendent Campbell would feel hurt; Superintendent Campbell's feelings are very tender, almost as tender as those of the city fathers, and no chances must be taken of damaging them.

It is a delicate situation; a dilemma from the horns of which there seems to be no escape. "After you, my dear Mr. Campbell." "Oh, no, after you, my dear supervisors."

It is all rather hard, perhaps, on those citizens who are ashamed of the ragged condition of their municipal wardrobe, but that can't be helped. Supervisorial politeness can not be expected to go as far as to be extended to the city and county which the supervisors are supposed to represent. The superintendent of public works would doubtless be very glad to accommodate the people of the city of Honolulu if he could do so without offending the delicate sensibilities of the supervisors. But a supervisor is a tender plant that must be treated with great gentleness, almost as great gentleness as that demanded of a supervisor by a territorial official.

Of course, if strangers visit the city and go away and say, "Yes, the climate is fine, but the city is fifty years behind the times; why, it hasn't even any sidewalks,"—that is sad but it can't be helped. And the strangers will recognize, anyway, that Honolulu is the politest place in the world. A stranger may break his leg scrambling over the chuck holes that take the place of sidewalks, but after staying here long enough for the leg to heal, he will doubtless have become so polite himself that he will not even mention the little incident lest he hurt the feelings of the board of supervisors and the superintendent of public works.

THE LONE OBSERVER CHECKS UP HONOLULU

Reflections are bound to arise in the vainest of persons detrimental to their own vanity. The Lone Observer is convinced that his tenure of that office is held only by the grace of a public which has not taken the pains to inquire for itself, and he is consoled only by the fact that his observations, imperfect as they are, have been better than none. He has also come to think of himself as a mere deputy of the public library, delegated to record observations among that portion of the population too ignorant to record its own. Cosmopolitan Honolulu makes the part of the deputy more important than it would be in other cities, and it was in a rather tardy attempt to get acquainted with the tendencies with the upper-ten strata of society that he made the discovery that he has a chief in the Lone Observing department. Speaking strictly, he has a plurality of chiefs, they being the much-fingered volumes that reside on the shelves of the public library.

Yesterday the Lone Observer, repentant of his neglect, took a short cut to their intimacies by checking off the volumes of return tabs on the Honolulu library books. Despite his somewhat pessimistic nature, he stood before the poet's corner. The selection of poetry is subject to patriotism, and the Lone Observer was not surprised when he discovered America's versifiers somewhat in the lead over their English cousins. Longfellow had been out about forty times in two years; Lowell was out but half that many times, and Whittier was almost third. Chaucer, patriarch of the English ranks, seems to be quite popular, although his long-continued residence on the shelf at the present time has granted him a coat of dust. He seems to be subject to the whimsies of a transient population, Chaucerites, according to the tabs, being noticeable chiefly in the summer. Scholarly poets, such as Pope and Shelley, Byron and others, consider themselves well off if they have made ten visits to the outside work world during the past year. Poets with the same sympathy and less erudition to disguise it, such as Tennyson, have a lead of five or so selections over their classical companions.

American literature is sadly patronized. Honolulu does not like it, according to the tale told by Emerson, Poe and others who have a right to claim places on the American standard shelf. No volume of Emerson has left the library more than three times since they entered it. "Representative Men" and "English Traits" have resided peacefully in the same place without a single disturbance in two years. Their dust is primeval. Ben Franklin's works and letters have never been glanced at, and Poor Richard lies in darkest obscurity.

The classics seem to have gone the rounds of a few lovers of that much-quoted, little-learned division of the literature world, a clientele not able to read the original language and too poor to afford copies of their own. Plato and Aristotle have made several visits apiece to Honolulu homes, and various translations of the Odyssey and Illiad have been somewhat more favored. Xenophon, Pindar and others of the old illustrious have never been opened. It is interesting to note that such books as "The Master of Stair," "To Have and to Hold" and others of that ilk make twenty trips or so a month.

Honolulu is up to date. The latest novels are gathering no moss. Dumas is popular, Balzac receives the tribute to the French in him by scoring up a few points. Samuel Lover is an unknown quantity. William Harrison is less than that. The "odd corners" of literature are not visited in Honolulu.

Several people have waded through the Universal Anthology. History is not a favorite. Ancient history is conscientiously avoided; for Honolulu, the world begins about 1800. Events happening before that are not of interest. England has been read desultorily. France more so. Nothing else counts much.

The library has silently recorded the sins of omission and of Honolulans conscientiously, and Honolulu's literary misdeeds are too numerous to mention. Latter Day Saints of the literary world have not received recognition, and such books as Sentimental Tommy and Tommy and Grizel are behind the six best selling monstrosities.

The Lone Observer feels the necessity of withdrawing from his post as detecter-in-chief of evil smells, confident that he has found no smell that can not be eradicated by the cleansing power of common sense not adulterated by politics or uninterested indifference. He humbly suggests that the odd corners of the library be explored in an endeavor to find men who have been capable of appreciating the great "underneath" so little known. An understanding of them may help Makiki, Punahou, and College Hills, appreciate Kakaako, Moiliili, Palama, and the "inside blocks," each last glorying in its own particular vileness. Even with such doubtful assets, the odd corners are always interesting, and the Lone Observer still hopes that those same assets may soon have an epithet placed over them as such as he now signs himself,

PAU.

Newell and Ballinger

Boston Transcript.

The Engineering News in the current issue says that "it is only giving credit where credit is due to say that the engineering profession and the country is most largely indebted for the success of the reclamation service to Mr. Frederick H. Newell, its director, and Mr. Arthur P. Davis, its chief engineer." Reports from Washington indicate that Ballinger is making the same kind of a fight against these men which he made against Pinchot. It is so remarkable an achievement to have the millions of dollars in the irrigation enterprise crowded with integrity and efficiency, as everybody believes to be the case under its present managers, that Secretary Ballinger should go slow before he provokes any issue in this quarter.

JOSHER H. BLUFFEM TAKES A JOY RIDE

Editor Advertiser:—If I were not a man of iron nerve and reckless disregard of danger, I should be compelled to give up this investigating business, which seems to grow more dangerous every week. I go about with my life in my hand for him who will to snatch—and one man this week made a grab that was pretty nearly successful. But a man born to be hanged can not be killed in an automobile accident, not even if he goes to the length of riding with some of Honolulu's public or private speed maniacs.

And that is just what I did a few days ago. I rushed in where angels fear to tread and where if mortals tread they stand good chances of becoming angels themselves, providing, of course, that their moral conduct has been irreproachable. I interviewed a chauffeur and I rode in an automobile. And somehow I escaped with my life. But the chauffeur had a bad scare; Martin Scully nearly caught him.

I found him asleep in his machine at the garage, but when I spoke to him in Irish, he woke up and reached for my pocketbook. I succeeded in saving it for the time being and climbed into the auto to talk to him.

"Where to?" he asked.

Feeling flush and consequently reckless, with a check from the Louisiana Planter in my pocket, I determined to take a ride if it broke me. It did.

"Waikiki," I said haughtily.

He cranked up, climbed into the driver's seat, twisted something and kicked something else and the automobile shot out of the garage and around the corner on two wheels. I gasped and said I wanted to go to Waikiki, not to Hades. My pilot snorted and threw in the high gear and the machine, taking the fender off a street car, shot forward at fifty miles an hour. I held my hair on and yelled for help but there was no help.

We rounded the corner into King street without slackening speed and without honking the horn. I felt a slight bump.

"Nothing but a Chinaman," said my driver over his shoulder. With a demoniac howl the machine flew between a dray and a street car, missing each by the sixteenth of an inch, and he laughed fiercely as he looked back into the white faces of their drivers. "How's that for driving?" he asked. I was so frightened I couldn't even speak.

The car seemed to go faster every minute, dodging in and out among the vehicles that filled the street. Suddenly he turned pale and almost ran the car into the front of a pake store. "Close call," he remarked when he had got over his fright. "That was Martin Scully standing there with a stop-watch. Lucky I was going so fast he couldn't time me or he might have a penal summons issued for me. But they never get me.

"That fool speed limit ordinance makes me tired," he went on. "The idea of thinking a man is going to run a big car like this no faster than fifteen miles an hour in the downtown section and twenty-five miles an hour outside! Not for me. Whoope-e-e, now watch me go!" and he did something to the machine that lifted it clear off the ground and dropped it half a block ahead. "Now we're going some. Wonder how close I can come to that man crossing the street without hitting him? Gee, did you see him jump? He thought he was a dead one but I didn't come within half an inch of him. It would serve him right if I had run over him. These pedestrians are beginning to think they have as much right to the street as people like me who own automobiles. They ought to be obliged to take out a license before being permitted to use the public highway."

We swung around on one wheel into Kalakaua avenue, just missing a Japanese riding a bicycle. "Gosh, that was a close shave," he gasped. "There's nothing musses an automobile up like getting a Jap and a bike tangled up in the wheels. * * * See that milk wagon ahead there? Now, watch * * * How was that for a spill? I don't know anything I'd rather run over than a milk wagon, it makes such a funny racket when the cans come tumbling down. * * * There comes a street car. See that chap on the running board? Want to see him get off? * * * Ha, ha, funny bump he got, wasn't it. Look's as if he'd broken a leg, but that's all right; he can sue the street car company for damages.

"What, you want to get out? No, you don't. We'll go back now." He slowed down to twenty-five miles an hour to make the turn, then threw in the high speed again.

"There's a bunch of those children in front of that Chinese store again," he growled as we started back toward town. "It won't be my fault if some of them get killed some day. They've got no business out in the street, anyway. Watch me go through them. * * * Did I run over that little girl or did she just fall? * * * Well, it's all right; they can't tell my number, anyway. I've got it fixed so the figures can't be seen at all when I'm going fast. * * * Fine road this, don't you think? It belongs to an automobilist. He built it, you know. He's a supervisor. * * * Elected by the chauffeur's union, you know, so we can get good automobile roads. We've got this old town buffaloed plenty * * * gives us $14,000 a month to build auto roads with. The Advertiser wants to build sidewalks around the schoolhouses but we can't run our machines on sidewalks and Jim knows it, so the supervisors ain't building any sidewalks, not so you can notice it. * * * My, but Jim's a smart man. He's even smarter than I am. Jim uses the public funds to build a good automobile road somewhere and then takes the Mayor and his secretary and a few of their friends out in his machine to inspect it. Yes, sir, Jim's a smart man.

"Some fool people have been talking about taking away my license for reckless driving. That's a joke. They don't dare to do that. The High Gear Union wouldn't stand for it. Some of these fly cops will lose their jobs if they monkey with us. Want to see me kill a dog? There! Neat, wasn't it? * * * What are you so pale for? Here, take a drink out of this bottle. It'll brace you up. It always makes me feel fine. If I took another, I think I could make this machine climb a telephone pole. * * * Well, I won't if you don't like it. * * * Oh, that's nothing, just a horse ran away with a woman and baby. Got frightened at the machine, I guess. People have no business to drive on this street, anyway. Serves them right if they get hurt. * * * Well, we're back to the garage again. * * * Hope you enjoyed your ride. Ten dollars, please * * * Thank you. Remember the number."

I shall.

Yours truly,

JOSHER H. BLUFFEM.

Russia's "Royal" Mead

By Hilareski Neilski Westonovitch.

O, the honey of the Russian bees is sweeter far, I say,
Than the sugar of the Jappies raising cain in Hawaii nei,
And the vodka of our cities is a common drink, indeed,
To the honeyed brew our peasants term the Russian royal mead.
O, upon the steppes the sunflowers yield their gold to yellow it,
And exotics of the Kremlin their sweets to mellow it,
And the blossom of the Ukraine grants the honey dew that slips
Like the nectar of the ancients through the oxeyed peasant's lips.
O, Hawaii's a land of sugar, of sweetness and of light,
Of LL.D.'s and M. D.'s, of Japs and Maui blight;
Of stock booms and promotion, where the wheels of "Progress" hum,
Of vernal vales and snowy slopes—land of the rising scum.
But most of all I love to starve upon your channel quay,
Where my baby gets diphtheria and colds and Hamburg tea,
And where each able-bodied Russ, to meet his pressing need,
Is handed out a brimming cup of Hawaii's royal mead.

Longing

In a far-off northern country, in a rough and rugged land,
Where the mountain peaks are always crowned with snow,
I am thinking and I'm longing for the days beyond recall
That I spent in Honolulu long ago.
I am longing for the sunshine in the islands of the blest,
And the trade wind blowing steady, strong and true,
While the booming of the breakers makes music in my ears,
Ah! Honolulu, I'll return to you.

—Ronald Kenyon, Vancouver, B. C.